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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE forces are gathering for the expected attack on Mr. Baldwin and his Government. Already snipers are at work. Much is being made of a letter addressed to the Prime Minister by a northern industrialist; Mr. Lloyd George is being sedulously boomed again; with two notable exceptions, silence on Lord Birkenhead's latest folly has been effectively enforced. When the mass attack will be launched to make the country safe for Coalition is not certain, but a spring offensive is probable. Unfortunately, Mr. Baldwin has placed two valuable weapons in the hands of his enemies. The first is the coal subsidy, which can only be defended on grounds of expediency. The second is the Mosul blunder, which cannot, so far as we can see, be defended on any grounds at all.

A WARNING FROM MOSUL

Moral reflections on the impropriety of Turkish actions in the Mosul area in regard to the Assyrian

Christians are well enough, but the fact for the British public to seize upon is that the trouble with Turkey predicted by us and other critics of Mr. Amery's grandiose project has begun. The Turks, no doubt, have put themselves in the wrong at Geneva, but we British have put ourselves into an impossible position in respect of Irak. If we want war with Turkey over Mosul we can have it. More probably, we shall have not war but constant local friction, the instigators of which will be disavowed by the Turkish Government and will remain unpunished by us until we treble or quadruple our expenditure on Irak. These Asiatic frontier questions are hardly to be understood by anyone who has not seen in the East how much annoyance and expense can be caused by petty and officially unacknowledged enemies. But even the man in the street can turn his eyes to events in Northern Africa, and form a rough estimate of the expenditure that would be incurred by this country in keeping the peace in a region much more remote from Europe than that inhabited by the Riffs.

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

FRENCH POLITICS AND MOROCCO

M. Painlevé must wish, as a politician as well as a Frenchman, that his anxiety to win the support of the Right in France had not gone to the extent of preventing any effort to reach a peaceful agreement with Abdel Krim. War and the climate both have their surprises, so that it would be folly to predict that the French offensive will not lead to the surrender of the Riffs before the autumn rains; but however successful the French troops may be, the task of pacifying the country is likely to be a long and costly one, and M. Painlevé's popularity will suffer thereby. There is not, and never has been, any enthusiasm in France for the Moroccan war, and it is worth noting that M. Briand and M. Caillaux have both been careful not to commit themselves over it. If the campaign succeeds, they will share whatever glory comes to M. Painlevé; if it fails, they will share none of the blame, and one or the other of them will become Premier of France.

PACT AND PROTOCOL

Last week's debate on the Geneva Protocol in the League of Nations Assembly showed clearly that most nations of Europe are still unconvinced by Mr. Chamberlain's arguments against that document, although they are willing to confine their attention for the time being to regional agreements, such as the Western Pact, provided they are drafted along the same lines as the Protocol itself. The Protocol was obviously too ambitious a document, but it is regrettable that Mr. Chamberlain has not dispelled the impression that Great Britain is opposed to all forms of compulsory arbitration. The geographical peculiarities of the British Empire make it difficult for London to promise in advance to accept a neutral decision in every dispute in which it may become involved, but an attitude of apparent contempt towards those nations which are willing to accept such obligations is not helpful. Mr. Chamberlain will have to stand firm, in the coming negotiations, against any proposal that the signatories of the Western Pact may go to war without awaiting the verdict of the League. Otherwise the rest of Europe will no longer believe in his declarations of attachment to that organization.

STRICTLY BILATERAL

In arguing that the Western Pact must be strictly bilateral, Mr. Chamberlain will presumably have the support not only of the Germans, but also of M. Vandervelde and Signor Mussolini. In the face of this combined opposition, M. Briand will probably be willing to make some concessions, and it is therefore not surprising that the Poles and the Czechoslovaks are beginning to show alarm. The French claim to act both as judge and prosecutor in any dispute between these States, and Germany may be justified by her treaties with them, but it certainly has no other justification. We fully understand Poland's desire for an alliance in case of an attack by Russia or Germany, but this desire must not be allowed to stand in the way of, or to modify, the proposed Western Pact. A League weakened by a Western Pact which gave a lesser degree of security to Germany than to France would not be able to protect

Poland: a League whose prestige was increased by a strictly bilateral Western Pact, concluded under its auspices, should be able to do so.

AN UNWISE POLICY

We do not know to what extent the Foreign Office can influence the Admiralty in regard to naval manœuvres, but if it has any influence at all it would do well to use it against cruises and demonstrations of a nature to alarm Russia. We are apt to forget that, politically speaking, Moscow is still so isolated that even the visit of a British military intelligence officer to the Baltic States may be magnified in the Russian Press into a preparation for the invasion of Russian territory. The recent visit of British warships to Baltic ports created extraordinary excitement in Moscow, and this excitement will not be lessened by the visit of British units to the Black Sea while the Soviet Black Sea Fleet manœuvres are in progress. However great may be the rivalry between the British Government and the Soviet Government, there is, of course, no idea of any military action against Russia. But it is to the interests of the Soviets to pretend that this danger of foreign invasion exists, and we fail to see why the War Office or the Admiralty should strengthen the Soviets by giving them material for their alarmist campaign.

AUSTRIA'S FINANCES

In after-war Europe there is a continual struggle between the politicians and the financiers, and we must be thankful that the politicians have won their battle over Austria. The League of Nations Council has decided to withdraw its present strict control of Austrian finances at the end of the present year. Had the control been continued, as the bankers who are interested in the Austrian Reconstruction loan hoped would be the case, the movement for union with Germany would have become so strong that only a war, or very grave danger of war, could have prevented it. It now remains to be seen whether the Austrian Succession States are going to be realists or sentimentalists in their policy; that is to say, whether they are going to allow their desire for an independent Austrian republic to overcome their reluctance to give Austria those economic facilities without which she cannot remain an independent State. M. Benes is a realist, but we should like to be sure that the same term can be applied to M. Ninchitch.

OURSELVES AND CHINA

The commendable tranquillity with which the British Government replied to the Chinese announcement that the Peking Government proposed to bring up the whole question of tariff autonomy at the Customs conference next month leads one to hope that the British Minister in Peking and other members of the British delegation to the conference will receive instructions which will enable them to treat China as an equal and a friend, rather than as an inferior and an enemy. Although we still have no judicial report on the Shanghai shootings, the failure of other European nations to support our declarations of virtue compels us to believe that all the blame does not rest with the Chinese. If we have made a

mistake, the best way in which we can make amends is to strengthen the Peking Government by proving that we are not the enemies of China. In the last few weeks internal chaos in China has spread to such an extent that our efforts to fortify the Central Government may, alas, come too late.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS

Having begun well, by checking extremist folly in regard to the direction of general strikes, the Trades Union Congress went to pieces towards the close of its proceedings. It bound itself, by the resolution about shop committees, to syndicalism of the worst type. In another resolution it flouted the opinions of Continental Labour at the bidding of the Bolsheviks. In a third, it virtually approved of the confiscation of all privately owned land in this country. In a fourth, it maligned the Empire and encouraged every seditionist in the tropical possessions of the British Crown. And yet it had moments of caution, not only in respect of general strikes but also in a resolution expressing the wish that Parliament (that obsolete assembly) would give to the agreements of joint industrial councils the force of awards under the Trade Board Acts. What are we to make of it all? Does the Congress not know its own mind? Are the saner leaders obliged, after resisting some preposterous proposal, to yield on another lest they fall from office?

HOW TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

In a leading article this week we deal with the question of methods of fighting Communism which are likely to be in fact helpful to the enemy. Here we would protest against the quite unnecessary employment of one, and of course the less prudent, section of Fascists in support of a London Parliamentary candidate. Trailing a Constitutional coat to see who will dare to tread on it is a thoroughly unwise proceeding. The business of Conservatives is to expose from the platform and through the Press the absurdities of Communism, and to organize a really large body of citizens who would be prepared in a national emergency to undertake vital national services at the command of the Government. The direct war against Communism should be left to the saner Labour leaders, who must realize that unless they kill Communism it will kill Trade Unionism.

MR. SAKLATVALA

The principle which guided Mr. Kellogg, the United States Secretary for State, in refusing to grant a visa to Mr. Saklatvala, the Parsee Communist, to enter America, is perfectly sound. No lesser revolutionary agitator would be admitted: then why one who has the miraculous letters M.P. after his name? The action of the United States has saved the other British members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union Conference from a deal of embarrassment and has fully justified the action of the three M.P.s who withdrew rather than accompany the Member for Battersea, and who will, presumably, now sail as originally arranged. We are glad that a grand chance for self-advertisement and misrepresentation of the Empire has been denied to Mr. Saklatvala.

PACTS, DEBTS AND DISARMAMENT

THE political events of the next few weeks are likely to rival in importance those of any other brief period since the signature of the Treaty of Versailles. One is frequently tempted to write in superlatives, but one may be forgiven for yielding to temptation on this particular occasion, since we are undoubtedly on the eve of events which will profoundly affect European history.

In the first place there is now every probability of a Western Pact, and a Western Pact which should bring about better relations between France and Germany than have existed since 1870. There has been no startling change in public opinion to make agreement probable to-morrow where it was impossible yesterday. Indeed, public opinion in Great Britain, France and Germany is still hesitating and suspicious. But circumstances have made Mr. Chamberlain, M. Briand and Herr Stresemann all passionately anxious to agree, and where there is a will there is, presumably, a way, even when it comes to relations between France and Germany.

Mr. Chamberlain had ample opportunity of learning in Geneva, if he can read between the lines of polite speeches in the Assembly, how unpopular his brusque rejection of the Protocol last March has made him in Europe. He is not the violent opponent of compulsory arbitration that he is declared to be, for he has agreed to the principle of compulsory arbitration, as distinct from compulsory conciliation procedure, in the proposals for the Western Pact. If, by insisting on a limited Rhineland Pact, he can remove that feeling of distrust and resentment towards Great Britain which undoubtedly exists in most European countries, so much the better for Great Britain and for Mr. Chamberlain.

Herr Stresemann's whole political future depends upon the success of the security discussions, for which he was in the first place responsible. He has already brought about a great improvement in the relations between Germany and France, but something more concrete is needed if the danger of a wave of Nationalist folly is to be avoided for good and all. As for M. Briand, he is determined to be Premier of France, and Premier of France he will be if he can carry through a defensive alliance with Great Britain in the form of a Security Pact.

The principal statesmen concerned are, therefore, very willing. The differences of opinion to which we have frequently drawn attention in these columns still exist, but there is at last a chance that they may be eliminated. The conclusion of a Western Security Pact will lead to the conclusion of other security pacts in other parts of Europe—pacts which will differ from the alliances of old in that they will be concluded between countries which were opponents, and not allies, in the late war. Europe, politically speaking, will be well on the way to recovery from the effects of the war, and will actually have taken some steps to prevent its recurrence. Once there is some feeling of security, there will be quite a competition between States which want the credit of summoning a general disarmament conference. A disarmament conference does not, of course, necessarily spell disarmament, but it is a step in that direction.

In yet another respect will the next few weeks be of great political importance. By insisting on the rapid payment of debts, the United States has certainly not increased its popularity in Europe. The fact that so many European countries find themselves compelled to pay debts to a country which has far more money than it needs has created a fellow feeling between them which is likely to become a factor of considerable importance as the contrast between the poverty of Europe and the wealth of the United States grows more marked. In matters of this kind France, rather than Great Britain, gives the lead, for we are not of Europe in the way that France is. M. Caillaux has gone to America to discuss the funding of the French debt. If he reaches an agreement, he will be compelled to increase taxation in France to such an extent that what little affection for the United States may remain there will immediately disappear. If he fails to reach agreement, he will be able to lay all the blame for his failure on the shoulders of United States Congress. In the opinion of one of the most acute political observers in Europe, the attitude of Washington in the matter of war debts has brought the formation of the United States of Europe, formerly the vague vision of a few cranks, almost into the sphere of practical politics.

There would seem to be, then, considerable excuse for suggesting that the events of the next few weeks will be of great importance for the future development of Europe.

PLAYING THE COMMUNIST GAME

WE view with considerable anxiety the methods of some of those who are engaged in fighting Communism. A large proportion of the more strenuous opponents of that evil have organized themselves, under titles derived from Italy, into two bodies. One of these, the British Fascists, appears to have as its object that of giving moral and on due occasion physical support to the authority of the State as exercised through the recognized instruments for maintaining law and order. But the other, the National Fascists, seems either of set purpose or through the impulsive acts of its members to be coming rather often into collision with Communists quite independently of any appeal for support from the forces of the State or of any such emergency as would excuse anticipation of an appeal. On the fringes of the latter organization and of some others there are a good many well-meaning but muddled people who think a brawl serves the cause of law and order so long as Communists get the worst of it, a good many young men who take pleasure in what they would call a scrap, and, we suspect, more than a few ostensible champions of loyalty to Crown and country who deliberately provoke trouble with the Communists. So far we have had nothing but petty incidents; but that is no reason for keeping silent while more and more people, with respect for the Constitution on their lips and very often in their hearts, are taught to play the Communist game.

It is a game to which there are very obvious moral and legal objections; but, leaving those aside, there is to it a fatal practical objection.

When people who believe in Constitutional methods start to take the law into their own hands, they enter on a contest in which they are bound to be beaten. However far they may be prepared to go, excusing the illegality of their action by the excellence of their motives and the actual or supposed apathy of the Government, they will come to a point at which their consciences stop them. They may prevent Communist meetings being held, hustle Communists, handle them roughly, but they cannot go to the lengths to which the party of revolution is quite ready to go. And even in their milder activities, so far as these involve going beyond the law, they will not be followed by the bulk of the nation, which is convinced that the maintenance of law and order is the business of the Government, and that any failure in that duty should be remedied by Parliamentary action. Communism is a minority movement. To attack it by extra-legal methods is merely to set going another minority movement, and one that must be handicapped not only by scruples but by lack of any such machinery as lies to the hands of the Communists. In this country Communism would be nothing if it were not that, as was shown by the contrast between the later and the earlier proceedings of the recent Trades Union Congress, it is getting hold of Trade Unionism. Since its strength depends on the extent to which it can acquire control of that machinery, it should be attacked there, and by Trade Unionists, under those Labour leaders who firmly hold to belief in Parliamentary methods of securing their objects. Ultimately, of course, Communism menaces the nation as a whole, but primarily it threatens Labour, and it is on Labour that the prime responsibility for fighting it devolves. Either Labour must render it powerless by denying it control of Trade Union machinery, or it will destroy Labour by wrecking all means of collective bargaining.

This is not to say that the rest of the community should stand aside while the somewhat hesitant, and frequently duped, leaders of sane Trade Unionism fight Communism. There is great scope for propaganda against the Communist fallacies and for moral suasion. There is also need for organization of all the law-respecting elements in the nation, not to brawl with Communists in the street or to dream of a day when a self-appointed minority of loyalists will take over the business of governing from a Government responsible to Parliament, but to have ready a weapon which can in an emergency be placed at the disposal of the Government. We are glad to hear rumours of an effort to link up, if not to amalgamate, various bodies which stand for law, order and respect for freedom, and gather that the British Fascists, whose propriety of action we have acknowledged, are willing to be absorbed into any comprehensive body that may result. Whatever the method by which the weapon is to be forged, the two essentials are that it should be effective and that it should simply be placed in the hand of the Government of the day, not employed at the will of even the best intentioned committee or potential dictator. An adequate and accurate register of citizens who are willing to do national work in an emergency, with classification according to their special aptitudes, would be of immense

help to a Government faced with the threat of an illegitimate stoppage of any vitally necessary work or of a blackmailing general strike. There is nothing at all to be said against organization for such a purpose, and a very great deal to be said for it. But the formation of groups of people who contemplate violating the law in the interests of the law, and of restoring Constitutionalism by means of hooliganism, should cease. We do not take every nascent Mussolini literally, any more than we should every British aspirant to the fame of Trotsky, and a good deal of the activity we disapprove may be little more than playing at counter-revolution. But it weakens belief in the only sound doctrine, that government is the business of the Government, and that if one Government will not do its duty another must be substituted by Parliamentary criticism and an election. The Communists have professed to see the Parliament of the future in the Trades Union Congress, or rather in their own caucus. Is it not playing straight into their hands to argue that Parliament deserves to be superseded by some caucus of anti-Communists?

THE CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

By A. A. B.

UNTIL the other day the Clerk of the Privy Council was a kind of sublimated valet to the King and the great ones of the earth. He kept Minutes, arranged the order in which people were to kiss hands, and generally mothered the ceremonial part of the Constitution. But quite recently the Office of Secretary to the Cabinet was created and combined with that of the Clerkship of the Privy Council. It seems to me that Sir Maurice Hankey must be the recipient of far too many secrets, and ought to be bound by some oath not to publish his Diary or Memoirs until at least twenty years after his death. And this for his own sake quite as much as for the sake of others. Halifax observed that when a King has told a servant a secret he is not sorry to hear the bell toll for him. Neither Sir Almeric Fitzroy nor his penultimate predecessor Charles Greville heard more secrets than any other man in the inner circles of politics. The publication of Greville's Memoirs stirred Queen Victoria to fury, and she wrote hysterically to Lord Beaconsfield to know if the publication could not be suppressed and the Editor punished.

No one, I think, can be angered by Sir Almeric Fitzroy's Memoirs; he is better educated and less malicious than Greville, who was embittered by a consciousness of his want of education, and a consequent inferiority to the great men whose thoughts and doings he wrote down. It is hardly necessary to say that never from the early days at Balliol down to the present hour has the shade of the shadow of a doubt ever crossed the mind of Sir Almeric Fitzroy that his words and deeds were less important than those of anybody else, including the highest in the land. Nor is Sir Almeric Fitzroy without warrant for this good opinion of himself. He is not only a thoughtful and cultured man, whose volumes are as full of matter as an egg of meat, but he writes an uncommonly good style, polished, shrewd, and just in his judgments

of politicians of all parties. Personally I have no objection to self-importance, if supported by brains; but with the majority of men it does not make for popularity, and I am afraid that the real merits of those Memoirs may be insufficiently appreciated. In reality they contain a very informative and amusing comment on the political and social history of the last twenty-five years. Both Greville and Sir Almeric Fitzroy are descended from Whig dukes, who had been Prime Ministers. In dealing with what he is pleased to call alternatively the Tory Rump, and the Diehards, the author's Whiggery becomes quite waspish. Otherwise he is fairly impartial between political parties, especially in dealing with his favourites, Lord Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Morley. Indeed, some of the most interesting passages in the book are derived from the mellow Toryism of Lord Morley, after he became Lord President of the Council in 1912.

There is little profit at this time of day in fighting over again the "battles long ago," before the Great War. The Dual Control of Messrs. Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain broke up the old Tory Party after Lord Salisbury's death. Mr. Balfour had his Education Act, which gave assistance to denominational schools out of the rates; and Mr. Chamberlain had his Tariff Reform. It was quite obvious both to the outer world, and to all political parties, that it was a mortal struggle between two famous statesmen for the possession of the Unionist machine. It dealt the Tory Party a blow from which it has never recovered, and never will until it finds a great man to lead it. In recording the resignation of Mr. Balfour in 1911, Sir Almeric sums up the character of the Lost Leader:

There have been moments when he seemed to lose strength in suppleness, and even to sacrifice prudence to dexterity; but in the attributes of mind, the force of logic, the courage of endurance and high purpose, patience and dignity under defeat, he displayed resources of the highest order.

Lord Balfour's charm and courtesy of fence are now what lawyers call "common form." Equally just is his estimate of Lord Milner:

At one moment of his career he was perhaps the dupe of the special atmosphere created by the policy of which he was the exponent, but his mistakes have never obscured the greatness of his aims, and an almost sublime honesty of purpose he always brought to the discharge of the highest responsibilities. He has never run away from the consequences of his acts.

That is perfectly true. Lord Milner advised the House of Lords to reject the Finance Act of 1909, and to "damn the consequences." Unfortunately, the consequences damned the House of Lords. As a Whig, Sir Almeric is conveniently blind to the fact that the Parliament Act of 1911, a disastrous revolution, was due to the cowardice and vacillation of two Whig magnates, Lords Rosebery and Lansdowne. Of the great intrigue of 1916, which replaced Mr. Asquith by Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Almeric is imperfectly informed. He seems to be unaware of the fact that but for the intervention of Lord Beaverbrook and his arrangement with Mr. Bonar Law to serve under Mr. Lloyd George, the latter would never have become Prime Minister.

On page 785 the author gives us a bit of gossip about the pedigree of the Harmsworths which, if true, would explain a great deal. Rosy Wemyss had just come back from Marienbad, where he

had found a book produced by a Polish hotel-keeper, a sort of companion volume to the *Almanach de Gotha*, giving a genealogical survey of all ennobled Jewish families, among which he discovered the Harmsworths, who are all descended in the fourth degree from one Stern, a Hamburg Jew, who settled in the North of Ireland! There is on another page a dig at the habits of Lord Chancellor Birkenhead:

I attended the Lord Chancellor's reception at the House of Lords. The ceremony this year, in order adequately to provide for the throng that his well-known reputation as a judge of champagne attracted, was held in the Royal Gallery. . . . The luncheon was all that could be wished, and the consumption of champagne, to all appearance, considerable.

Curiously enough Sir Almeric appears to have been attached to Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition in 1918. He seems to think that unfortunate Government was broken up by the malice and jealousy of the Tory Die-hards. In reality, the Coalition was broken up in 1922, because of the disgust excited by the infamous treaty with Irish rebels and murderers, and also because of the ridicule aroused in Europe by the ostentatious and fruitless peregrinations of the Prime Minister. In opening his *Diary* for 1923, the author has a few lines about the new Prime Minister:

Bonar Law has taken his (Lloyd George's) place, with a less compromising past, and a capacity for putting unpalatable truths with a deprecatory restraint, which is at once disarming and persuasive.

Later on, upon reflection, Sir Almeric made a less favourable estimate of the new Administration:

With all Mr. Bonar Law's excellent qualities, it is a misreading of the times to think that a weary valetudinarian is a figure to conjure with in the eyes of the community beset with so many dangers, and faced with problems of such menacing urgency. A body of well-intentioned and amiable gentlemen, whose virtues are more impressive than their talents, are hardly the persons to liquidate the situation so largely compounded, to use a significant phrase, of the distress of nations with perplexity.

Severe, but I am afraid true, and is it not applicable to the present Government?

A SWINBURNE LIBRARY

By T. EARLE WELBY

THE annotated catalogue of his magnificent Swinburne collection which Mr. T. J. Wise has issued, in an edition of 170 copies, for private circulation is of extraordinary interest not merely to the bibliographer but to the critic and the literary historian. From the purely bibliographical point of view it may suffer from having been preceded by Mr. Wise's own 'Bibliography of the Writings of Swinburne,' privately printed five years ago, which rendered obviously useless the even at their earlier date unsatisfactory compilations of R. H. Shepherd and George Redway. But its incidental and sometimes tantalizingly brief contributions to the biography of the poet and to our understanding of his attitude at certain crucial stages of his intellectual development are in the aggregate of an importance not easily to be over-estimated.

The literary and moral reputation of Swinburne, as Sir Edmund Gosse duly recorded in his 'Life' and as we recalled in these columns some four years ago, were deeply affected for thirty years by the long and virulent notice of the first 'Poems and Ballads' prematurely published by the SATUR-

DAY REVIEW. That notice, it has been known for some years, was the work of John Morley, and the curious situation in which the author of the severest and most practically harmful attack ever delivered on Swinburne became without recantation his friend and his chief journalistic supporter has been commented upon quite enough. But the point of capital interest has hitherto been uncertain. Did Swinburne, when he admitted Morley to his friendship and became a frequent contributor to the *Fortnightly*, definitely know that it was Morley who had assailed him? Thanks to Mr. Wise, who, however, allows us this information without stressing its value to a comprehension of Swinburne, we now have proof that Swinburne was fully aware of the authorship of the attack and of the immense damage it had done him. A letter in Mr. Wise's collection shows us Swinburne explaining that, though he cannot possibly have any dealings with a publisher who issues the work of a pseudonymous slanderer like Robert Buchanan, he is by no means hostile to men of probity who may have attacked his own writings—"in proof of which I may refer to the terms on which . . . I have stood for six years almost with relation to my friend, Mr. John Morley." He adds: "I did not wait for any expression on his part of regret for the very grave damage his attacks had inflicted on me, in purse and in character, to show by plain proof that I bore no ill will for the expression, however strong and unmeasured, of any man's opinion as to my literary demerits or offences." Here, indeed, is striking evidence that the fiery temper and delight in vituperative reprisal which Swinburne so often exhibited were not incompatible with the utmost generosity and even affection towards one who, an opponent in regard to one part of his work, was willing to be a friend in regard to another.

But, rather fortunately, this charming magnanimity was usually absent. It did not moderate the delightful, because at that stage not over-elaborated, acrimony of the 'Notes' in which he replied to the reviewers of the first 'Poems and Ballads,' and it is not to be traced in the superb Dryden-like verses, for which we cannot thank Mr. Wise enough, that were to have been included in the 'Notes,' but lamentably were not.

First in manure of hot religions hatched,
And fattening on the tit-bits that he snatched—
Then with gorge heaving at the daily cram,
And dreaming he had soul enough to damn,
The hybrid, fit for neither man nor priest,
Skulked into light, a ruminative beast.
With foul mouth mincing at the skirts of sin,
With dubious nose and academic chin,
Fetid and flatulent, he snuffed and sipped,
Lapped at thought's stagnant pools, but rose dry-tipped;
With shreds of doctrine delicately sliced,
For tender thinkers served up half a Christ . . .

Was ever moral reviewer handled in this fashion? And did ever a moralist receive such a letter as, with ample excuse, Swinburne addressed to Emerson?

But it is impossible to linger over such things. To give even the barest catalogue of the manuscripts would need much more space than this article occupies. Several of the early manuscripts are extremely important as showing Swinburne's boyish discipleship to Fletcher, whose style has never been imitated with anything like the vivacious fidelity shown in 'The Laws of Corinth' and 'Laugh and Lie Down,' plays written by

Swinburne in 1858-59. Other hitherto or still unprinted manuscripts are valuable as evidence of projects of great significance which were too hastily abandoned—a translation into verse of the Decameron, a complete version of Villon, a collection of the Border ballads. Then there are the rare editions, and the fakes foisted on the credulous; the first editions of no great rarity rendered unique by insertion of the original manuscripts; the disclosures of Swinburne's second thoughts in his emendations, as notably in one of the finest of the choruses of 'Atalanta.' Yet, in this great treasure which the enlightened enthusiasm of a prince of collectors has brought together, it is to the letters that we return. Not many are printed in full, but even the scraps are often worth treasuring. In one such we have a definition of Swift that might be set beside Coleridge's: "A bastard of Dante begotten on a daughter of Rabelais." Is there a finer critical epigram in the language?

WHAT A. DOES

BY GERALD GOULD

WHAT does A. do? It is a problem which has caused more tears, terrors, heart-burnings and lip-gnawings—more sleepless nights of fantastic foreboding and humiliating reminiscence—than most of the large questions of politics and divinity. Thackeray made a whole literature out of it—out of Mrs. Botibol blowing kisses at her party, and Mr. and Mrs. Timmins (spelt Tymmys on the invitation-cards) debating whether they should ask the Crowders to meet the Bungays at dinner. Nor can such matters be dismissed as trivial. From the social to the moral is but a step.

A., I suppose, walks through the maze like Theseus equipped by Ariadne. To me his doings remain a mystery, and I have never yet discovered the beginnings of a clue. Nor shall I ever discover a clue now: I lack the sense. But do not misjudge me. That little matter of my eating asparagus with a fork comes in a different category: that is not ignorance, it is rebellion. I maintain that mine is the *right* way of eating asparagus, and that the way in which my friends eat it is (to call things by their true names) disgusting. I say "my friends"; but in fact—owing to this difference of opinion—I have no friends left.

I am ignorant for myself; hopelessly, invincibly, congenitally ignorant; unable to grasp either the underlying principle or the over-riding practice of behaviour; yet I have on occasion advised others. In the days when I still had friends, I remember, there was the incident of the College Photograph. One of the younger and more elfish dons (he is now a professor of beetling eminence; but then he might have been called Puck of Boar's Hill), sitting, as he thought, behind an undergraduate whom he knew well. . . . But I must interrupt my story to explain that in those days undergraduates wore their hair very long, very greasy, and brushed straight back from the forehead to the nape in lank and even locks: A., in his undergraduate avatar, wore it like that. . . . Well then, this young don, my friend, sitting, as

he thought, behind an undergraduate B., whom he knew well, facetiously lifted up two of the hyacinthine locks before him, and lightly tied them into a bow. The supposed B. turned round, and revealed himself as C., with whom my friend had not even a nodding, much less a hair-tying, acquaintance. What does A. do? My friend did nothing but look foolish. Too late, he consulted me as to what would have been A.'s course, and I, in a reply which I still hold to be a classic of its kind, told him that he should rapidly have lifted up locks of hair from each of the hundred heads in front of him, and adorned every single head with its individual bow. Thus would his conduct have been transmuted from the appearance of offensive personal rudeness into a genial and general eccentricity, which would have passed almost without notice—in a don.

Another don (also now a professor, and also eminent) once, helping himself to salad, instead of placing it in the curious bean-shaped saucer or receptacle which clung round the edges of his plate for this especial purpose, took it directly upon his plate beside the wing of a chicken. Turning to me sadly, when he realized what he had done, he said: "This is the sort of thing that would lose a man his fellowship at All Souls." He himself is to be forgiven: he came from Balliol. But I have said enough to show that even in senior common-rooms and at high tables, even among the learned, there are problems of conduct, and a place for A.

Then there is the question of manners at bridge. Here, at any rate, my own manners are perfect, but only because perfection is, for me, in my peculiar circumstances, almost unavoidable. Perfect manners at bridge consist simply in not telling your partner what card he ought to have led at the third round. I never tell my partner that. I never know.

And here I really am like A.—an indefatigable bridge-player; in the problems set in many newspapers, he is to be found sitting down with B. and X. and Y., week after week; he often seems to make mistakes, but I have never caught him rebuking anybody else.

At tennis, again. . . I should like to tell you about a stroke of mine at tennis. (Does A. do this? I doubt it; I think he plays only golf). This stroke of mine is a very fast, deep drive, taken on the top of the bounce and sent, with the maximum of top spin, into the extreme corner of my opponent's court. It is untakable. But, again, don't misunderstand me. When I say that this stroke is *mine*, I mean only that I possess it in the Platonic or ideal sense. I cannot pretend that I have ever, in the mere material world of courts and racquets, brought it off. But when I attempt it, and the ball goes into the net, what does A. (being my partner) do? Clearly, he cries out, in admiration and sympathy: "Hard luck, old man! Another fifteen inches, and it would have been over!" Some lesser partner, whom one may perhaps call A. Minus, pretends not to have noticed anything. But the really Bad Man—Z., so to speak: "thou unnecessary letter!", as Shakespeare called him—comes up to me and says: "You won't mind my telling you, but, speaking as a more experienced player than yourself, I should have put that ball *over* the net." And one never believes he really would.

The social, I have said, is but a step from the moral. Taste, tact, feeling, determine what A. does: they are moral qualities. At what point does gaucherie cease to be the sign of the rough diamond with a heart of gold, and become the faked hall-mark on imitation silver? How far may regard for your fellows take you in the direction of insincerity? When are you kind only to be cruel? How gladly can you suffer fools without becoming a prig? How long can you listen to B.'s golf-stories without letting your wife and children starve?

A. knows. He knows instinctively. He does not have to look up in a book to discover order of precedence or method of address: he is to Debreit what Mozart was to music: he is born with the knowledge in his blood. Of course, he does not really exist; and, if he did, it would be necessary to abolish him. He is a dream, an ideal, a mirage; but in all things an ideal is essential, and in manners not least. Or so they say: personally, I find it infuriating. And I don't even know what A., when infuriated, does.

THE THEATRE

FIRES IN DARKNESS

BY IVOR BROWN

The Emperor Jones. By Eugene O'Neill. The Ambassadors Theatre.

The Prisoners of War. By J. R. Ackerley. The Playhouse.

ACCORDING to all the laws of the game you cannot make a tragic hero out of a black-guard. Mr. Eugene O'Neill is one of the few great dramatists who ever went to school with the drama and took play-writing as a University subject. I do not know what they teach their young Shakescenes at Harvard, but I suppose that Aristotle must come into the curriculum somewhere. Now Aristotle lays it down in his schedule of instruction that on no account must an extremely bad man be seen falling from happiness into misery, and that the hero or victim of the tragic catastrophe must instead be a man of fallible nature but of average virtue. Fortunately, Mr. O'Neill has been the kind of pupil who succeeds by forgetting his lesson. Brutus Jones, his hero, is a murderer, a bully, and a thief. He is, in short, the extremely bad man forbidden by Aristotle, and his tragedy is every bit as poignant as that of any perfect conformer to the rules. The reason is that Brutus comes to life on the stage; and life is more important than curricula, a point which ploughboys may be quicker to see than philosophers.

Brutus Jones was an American negro. As a Pullman-porter he had observed the ways of the plutocratic world, and had concluded that the morals of the hundred-per-cent. white man would make a good enough guide for himself. *Post hoc*, if not *propter hoc*, he killed another nigger in a gambling brawl, murdered a gaoler who struck him, broke prison, and escaped to a "West Indian island not yet self-determined by white marines." There he found a population of bush-niggers; he came, despised, and conquered. What was an ex-Pullman-porter to do with such black

trash but sweep it under his sovereignty? As the Emperor Jones he could lounge and swagger in the uniform of a bandsman; moreover, he could pillage his subjects in the high, imperial way. No Roman pro-consul ever paid more zealous attention to the art and craft of taxation than did this Brutus of the itching palm. He could bank his plunder abroad, and wait complacently for the day when even trash would turn. Then he would fly. But he waited too long.

The bush-niggers began to beat their tom-toms and hound him through the forest. Brutus became a forlorn fugitive. The second part of this play is the monologue of the Emperor turned refugee. It is monotonous, say some. So is the wind upon Lear's heath monotonous, so the self-communion of Prince Hamlet. I do not compare O'Neill with Shakespeare, but merely protest against the assumption that there cannot be magnificence with monotony. The rise of the Emperor Jones has a spice of high comedy; the fall of the Emperor has the heart of deep tragedy. This is a great play to read and a great play to watch. Mr. Paul Robeson, the negro actor, might perhaps wring more of the agony of tumbled greatness from the part, but he has many moments that are superb, and one rarely sees so fine a physique upon the stage. Moreover, Mr. Robeson can act with the whole of his magnificent frame, and does not rely for his effects upon a mobile mask alone. He is admirable, too, in the wry humour of the play's beginning, where the Emperor explains his state-craft to a little Cockney sparrow somehow strutting in his court. The Emperor is at once infantile and shrewd. Dispassionately viewed he is a monster of misrule. Yet with great writing and great acting to present him, he assumes the charm of a lumpish crudity and gains universal significance as humanity in the raw. When his pursuers have had his blood, one mutters: "There cracks a noble heart." Yet this tragic hero has, in fact, no sort of abstract nobility. Life and the art that embodies it have given Aristotelian theory the lie.

Mr. James Light, the American producer and a constant colleague of Mr. O'Neill, has done his work well. He gives us no respite from the tom-tom that symbolizes the murderous guest of the Emperor, and he is right to remind us that a huntsman's horn is not, from the fox's point of view, a heartening and romantic noise. Not all the visions of the tortured fugitive were as effective on the stage as in the stage-direction, but there Mr. Light's task was of distressing difficulty, and he was, I think, obviously hampered by the tiny stage on which he had to plant his haunted forest. 'The Emperor Jones' is a work of gigantic range, both actual and symbolic. Mr. Robeson is an actor of spacious powers. He can light a fire in immensities of darkness. A larger theatre would suit them both.

I deeply regret that in bidding "Hail" to 'The Prisoners of War,' I must also bid the play "Farewell." The piece has so poignant an actuality of psychological distress that its failure in the West End is not likely to end its life, and the repertory theatres should mark it for future occasions. It is a study, seemingly made at first-hand, of the sapping of the human spirit by confinement. The scene is an hotel in Switzerland towards the end of the war, and the characters are British officers

interned after imprisonment in Germany. One would think that with the freedom of the Alps they enjoyed, after their close-pent months in Germany, a healing experience. But the rot works deeper in the spirit. Compulsory companionship breeds friendships and animosities of equal violence. Here comrades in arms will come to blows over the spilling of an ink-pot. The vision of reason dwindling and of nervous exasperation rising to a climax of suicide and lunacy might be intolerable, were it not planned and portrayed with a realism that has the rhythm and the beauty of a lamentation. Mr. Ackerley's play combines the tragic power of poetry with the urgent social message of good pamphleteering. Mr. Frank Birch produced it without the stale touch of routine stage-craft and created the necessary atmosphere in many subtle ways. All the players were finely touched to Mr. Ackerley's fine issues. Mr. George Hayes and Mr. Ivor Barnard revealed two breaking minds with a haunting actuality, the former presenting a furious mental and physical disruption, the latter the chill quiet of collapse. Mr. Ackerley, like Mr. O'Neill, has made a play of darkness in which the fire burns.

MUSIC

MARGATE'S FESTIVAL

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

READERS of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels will remember that the creator of Tamarisk Town had ideals about the tone of that ill-fated watering-place. He wished it to be select, artistic. Seaside municipalities have come during recent years more and more to Mr. Moneybags's way of thinking, and music has been selected as the elevating principle. Bournemouth started it over a quarter of a century ago, and has established an orchestra which ranks first among provincial bands, if we except that of Manchester, the famous Hallé which is *hors concours*. Even at Bournemouth that position has only been won in the face of local opposition that has grudged expenditure upon what brings no immediate, visible and direct return. But the fight has been won and other towns have followed suit, though not always with success. Torquay launched an ambitious scheme just before the war which brought disaster before the townsmen had become accustomed to the possession of an orchestra of their very own. Hastings, despite dissensions, and Eastbourne have established music on a less ambitious footing, and now Margate has just given its fifth annual Festival of Music.

The municipal orchestra at Margate normally consists of twenty-eight players, of whom some are borrowed from Manchester during the close season. I noticed that excellent tympanist, Mr. Gezink, taking a holiday among the second violins. Some of the rest are local men. They play with a vitality and an enthusiasm which is as bracing as the municipal breezes on the esplanade, and provides a refreshing contrast to the slackness of our relaxing London concert-halls. The programmes have not been very ambitious, but they

have to appeal to an audience with whom the various "refined"—and what degrees of refinement there can be!—concert-parties are serious rivals. There were, I am told, a great many more people listening to a couple of "coloured" gentry at another hall on Sunday night than attended the Winter Gardens to hear Mr. John Goss and his vocal quartet, who sang better than I have ever heard them. Even so their audience ran to something over a thousand, which is not bad if it is taken into consideration that these singers of bawdy (but bowdlerized) songs inappropriately call themselves "The Cathedral Male Voice Quartet." If the thousand odd people in the hall came to hear anthems, they concealed their surprise remarkably well. The evening was a triumph for jollity, and one such as I never thought to pass in an English seaside town.

At the first concert of the festival last Saturday night the orchestra was conducted by Mr. Bainbridge Robinson, the musical director at Margate. The programme was designed to show what local effort could do without aid from outside. After that the number of players was increased to forty-two by additions from London, and the baton passed successively to three of our most distinguished musical knights, Sir Hamilton Harty, Sir Edward Elgar and Sir Landon Ronald. Mr. Robinson was somewhat handicapped by the small numbers under his command, and he would perhaps have been wiser to have fallen back upon the classics, which are easily within the scope of his orchestra. I firmly believe that if he were to include in his programmes some of the more obviously attractive works of Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart, which could, of course, be played without faking, the appetite would grow with what it fed on as it has grown at the Queen's Hall. My only doubt arises from the fact that he has to appeal to a fluid audience of visitors; he has not the advantage of a large resident population of the class that supports good music, such as exists in and around Bournemouth, although the provision of good music might attract residents who were weighing in the balance the choice of places for retirement. As it was, much of the music at this first concert had to be adapted, and Mr. Harry Petersen, who proved himself an excellent accompanist as well as playing the Grieg's Concerto in workmanlike fashion on Sunday night, had to do a good deal of filling-in on the pianoforte.

Sir Hamilton Harty and the rest were under no such disadvantage. The orchestra was big enough to tackle Dvorák's fourth Symphony, the 'Enigma' Variations and the overture to 'Die Meistersinger.' Elgar's music proved to be the most difficult. It is not so much that the individual parts are hard to play, but that the complex tissue of the music requires most careful handling if it is to be woven smoothly and without showing joins. It is really a matter of rehearsal, which is insufficient here as elsewhere in England. But Sir Edward Elgar did wonders in the short time at his disposal, and it is a long while since I have seen him so vigorous and lively. I hope that this vigour is a presage of more works to come.

The most interesting thing, from a sophisticated outsider's point of view if not from the local

enthusiast's, was Harty's Violin Concerto, which was played on Tuesday by Mr. Alfred Barker, another Hallé man, who leads the orchestra. It is not an original work in the sense that new ground is broken in it; it does not even show any very strong individuality such as we find in even the earliest of Elgar's works, so that in the light of experience we immediately recognize their authorship. But it is thoroughly well-made music, admirably written for the violin, and scored with real mastery. It certainly does not take a place in the first rank of music in this form, but it is infinitely pleasanter to hear than the dull stuff that violinists too often foist upon us.

In a way the programmes show how far the provinces are behind the movement of fashion in London. They were given up almost exclusively to the performance of music of the kind that was the mode a generation back. Londoners, of course, think they know better. But, perhaps, it was partly the fact of getting out of the rut of the metropolitan cycle of music that made this festival so enjoyable in spite of the fact that there was very little really great music performed. But the most potent factor in our pleasure was the spirit of the concerts, as of a young man rejoicing in his strength. Margate is making a real effort towards the ideals of Mr. Moneybags, and much in some respects it has need of such an elevation.

THROUGH AGRICULTURAL SPECTACLES

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

III—THE SMALL-HOLDER

SMALL-HOLDERS in this country are of two types, the one drawn from small-farmers' sons, gardeners, and thrifty farm labourers, with agriculture in their blood and upbringing, the other of the ex-officer and "college" type, less closely connected with this most ancient of callings, but anxious to practise it. There are others, such as clerks, mechanics, dock-labourers and recruits from the towns, but their stay on the land is usually so short that they need not be considered here.

The first of these types inherit practical knowledge but have little science, the second have carefully studied the theory of agriculture, but are often handicapped by lack of that flair for doing the right thing which so frequently saves the untutored agriculturist from disaster. Both types seek the imagined serenity of country life and are confident that they will succeed where others have failed; both are inclined at first to regard small-holding as a matter of stocking the land with plants and animals and quietly awaiting those natural processes by which nature increases her species. One sells the result, deducts a part for living expenses, and puts the remainder by for the day when a little more land and a few more head of stock can be added. The other is independent.

Every small-holder is disillusioned immediately he enters his holding. He finds his rent double and treble that of the neighbouring farmer; he finds that plants, stock, vegetables and fruit are heir to all manner of diseases and at the mercy of a variable climate: and he finds that his working day, for the first few years, at any rate, is from twelve to sixteen hours. "If I belonged to a Trade Union," a successful small-holder remarked to me, "I should have to belong to two, putting in an eight-hour day for each." But the remarkable thing is that they cling to their holdings to the very last gasp, and even those who complain

most bitterly admit, if pressed, that they would rather hang on if they can, however long their hours, than accept a safe 40s. a week as a carter with no responsibilities. They will face heart-breaking conditions to keep their independence; in the first year is sown the seed of the pride of ownership and the satisfaction of seeing tangible result of their labour in the shape of cleaner ground, multiplying stock, and increasing yield of produce. Living is hard, but the abandonment of the land on which they have expended their labour and thought is a worse thing, and they develop a very real attachment for the few acres that have become "home," whether they are tenants or owners. Some are anxious to be freeholders, but many are tempted by the false god of a benevolent landlord. In practice it has been found that it is the freeholder who develops most those qualities of thrift and perseverance so necessary to the success of a small-holding scheme.

But let it not be thought for one moment that the above compensations have lulled them into any sense of contentment. I have yet to meet the small-holder without a grievance, and when a hard and independent worker has a grievance, he usually has cause for it. The chief complaint is always this matter of rent. How is it to be expected, they ask, that they can make a living, paying £3 per acre rent when the farmer next door, with a hundred times as many acres and with a far greater turnover, says that he is going bankrupt, though paying only 30s. per acre? True, their house was expensive to build, and there are only a few acres over which to spread the cost, but why couldn't they have been left to put up their own house? After a few years they would doubtless build a better through a building society, but with the expense and time involved in getting the holding under way they cannot afford a house to start with that has cost £500, or even £1,000.

There is no doubt that the small-holder's whole attitude towards the farmer is apt to be a little jaundiced. He is inclined to be rather critical of his methods, and envious of his advantages, convinced that he does not make the best of them. He knows that most farmers, for various reasons, are not warm supporters of small-holding schemes, and he complains that their lack of unity lets him down also, as instanced by their failure to show a united front in the matter of milk prices last year. It should be noted, however, that co-operation and joint action is as ineffective among small-holders as among farmers, and although there are 824 Small-holders' Trading Societies in England, the movement seems quite devoid of any centralized direction, and most of these societies are regarded by their 109,000 members merely as rival concerns to the ordinary dealers.

But there is one thing which farmers and small-holders have in common, and that is a cherished bitterness towards Mr. Lloyd George. With the farmers it is because of his Repeal of the Corn Production Act, but the small-holders have never forgiven him for that thrice-cursed phrase about "a land fit for heroes." Lately he has added fuel to the fire by his advertised activities as a small-holder himself at Churt. Poor Mr. Lloyd George! No leading figure in politics is more sincerely anxious than he is to see the land problem solved, or more alive to its importance, but an evil genius seems to dog his every action in this connexion and turn it to gall and wormwood in the mouths of the farming community.

Small-holding under the post-war Land Settlement Scheme does indeed require heroic qualities of those whom it seeks to benefit. They were promised, and given, land and a house; they were promised the expert advice of visiting supervisors; they were promised instructional farms stocked with implements which they would be able to hire. They got the land, but at an exorbitant rent; the supervisors seldom or never materialized, or if they have it has been as a horde of officials who follow one another round to investigate



Dramatis Personæ. No. 169.

By 'Quiz.'

MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES AND MR. ION SWINLEY IN 'TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES'

and criticize minor requests of the settlers. In a colony in Lincolnshire the sole activity of these friends of the small-holder was to raise the rents. Instructional farms have proved equally mythical, and no machinery for hire has yet appeared, so that the settlers have been faced with the additional and unlooked for expense of buying it themselves. No one in the scheme ever seems to have heard of the co-operative credit societies, so strikingly successful among the small agriculturists in Germany, France and Italy; co-operative trading is for all practical purposes non-existent, and there is no system of disseminating advice and the results of scientific research beyond the Ministry's publications. Excellent as these are, the small-holder does not grasp the facts in them as he would by ocular demonstration, or even by the spoken word.

He has been dumped down upon the land (and often on land which no farmer would venture to try to farm) at a preposterous rent, under-capitalized, under-equipped, under-educated, and receiving low prices because he is a small producer and paying high ones because he is a small buyer. Thus he has been left to sink or swim. The surprising thing is that any have survived, and the fact that 10,000 approved candidates are now waiting for land to be assigned to them, and that so many are willing to face these conditions, is a conclusive answer to those who maintain that there is no great desire among the poorer agriculturists to work on their own, and that in no circumstances could they for long support existence. These men do not shout and yell, hold meetings or make a fuss, for that is not their way. Nor can they go on strike, for they would only ruin themselves. But their repression has only made them the more bitter at the neglect they consider they have experienced, and when these men who saved England are forced by unfair circumstances to sell up and emigrate to the colonies, they are vehement in saying that another war will not find them in the ranks of England's defenders. Being the men they are, however, they would probably be among the first to volunteer.

THE KINEMA

The Gold Rush. The Tivoli. The She-Devil. The Capitol.

TO say that 'The Gold Rush,' Mr. Charles Chaplin's new film, is something of a disappointment is only to admit that to be equally great as a creative and as an interpretative artist is so rare as to be almost unknown. We are informed that the film was written and directed by Mr. Chaplin, and at first sight it might seem that the actor would be the ideal author of his own plays. Experience proves the contrary. Very few interpretative artists are good—much less infallible—judges of the best medium for the exhibition of their own talent. The film begins in an uncertain manner, and the early pictures and captions are misleading, giving the impression that we are in for a tragic story of hunger, disaster and death during a great gold rush in Alaska. Needless to say this idea is dissipated directly Mr. Chaplin appears, but the film suffers all the way through from a muddling attempt to keep alive the promise of its earlier scenes. Otherwise it is excellent. The picture-making is good, often beautiful, and the comedy is inimitable. There are, fortunately, no banal appeals to the groundlings. Mr. Chaplin has genius and can therefore afford to ignore exaggeration, the sin which so fatally besets the film actor. It is an education to watch the economy with which he obtains his effects. He has, moreover, a unique command of pathos, and some wistful melancholy in his temperament keeps him in his most grotesque moments in true relation to life and the universe. He never outrages his own or our humanity. While 'The Gold Rush' does not equal 'Shoulder Arms' or 'The Kid,' it is a notable piece of work, and it does something to bridge the existing gulf between life as it is and as American producers are

pleased to imagine it. Mr. Chaplin is ably supported by Mr. Mack Swain as Big Jim McKay. The other characters are not important, but, even so, Miss Georgia Hale as The Girl seemed hardly equal to her opportunity.

The German producer is not afraid of big themes and has attacked one in 'The She-Devil' without first making sure that his story was big enough to match it. The settings, grouping and photography are quite remarkable. Margaret Schoen as Kriemhilda had moments of real beauty; almost alone in the film, she can move with dignity and repose. But she is monotonous, and the story did not help her to minimize what is probably a characteristic defect. Rudolf Klein-Rogge was frankly unbelievable as Attila. His make-up was grotesque. It was sad to see so much talent, enthusiasm and genuine ability wasted in an involved and unconvincing story. Nevertheless British, and more particularly American, producers could learn much from a picture that had many impressive and one or two unforgettable moments.

D. C.-H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"CHUCK IT, SMITH"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am glad to see that you continue to prod Conservative opinion, which is strangely torpid, on the matter of Lord Birkenhead's journalism. There is one aspect of this question to which, I think, no allusion has hitherto been made. When the Labour Ministers took office they made considerable sacrifices which they believed to be essential to the maintenance of Ministerial tradition. They bought (or hired) certain expensive uniforms and trappings, for which the majority of them felt little affection. In so doing they risked the derision of their Left Wing supporters, but they went through with the ceremonial of office and most people must have regarded their action as praiseworthy. At any rate the so-called party of revolution did nothing to flout Governmental tradition.

No sooner are they out of office than they see a Conservative Secretary of State confusing Whitehall with the meaner end of Grub Street and demeaning his office by putting an important signature to the writing of trivial but no doubt well-remunerated puffs. That the Earl of Birkenhead should devote to the eulogy of private traders the time and the ability demanded by the intricate problems of Indian administration is one gross scandal. That he should show less respect than a Labour leader for the traditions of Ministerial behaviour is another. Even the hottest Radical may ask for a Conservator to prevent such Conservatism as this.

I am, etc.,

"A LABOUR READER"

REBUILDING EUROPE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I was very interested to read in your issue of September 5 a criticism of Miss Rouse's book, 'Rebuilding Europe.' But lest the casual reader, from a review of the achievements of European Student Relief (now known as International Student Service), should come to the conclusion that its work is finished, I make haste to take up my pen, not, I may say, as one officially connected with the movement, but as a student who has its interests at heart.

The work of the I.S.S. is far from complete. We are still climbing the hill, but many of us are bemused with words and "the comfortable feeling that our duty has been done." New fields are constantly being opened for the activities of the International Student Service. If, as we surely believe, peace is not a passive thing but an active, the promotion of better international understanding through such a movement as this is as important as ever.

At the beginning of August I attended the annual conference of the I.S.S., held this year at Gex, a small French town near Geneva. Delegates from twenty-six different countries were present, and the whole future of the work was discussed. The need for emergency relief we found to be well nigh at an end, but there were other pressing needs. Delegates from Balkan Universities were intensely keen that the "Self-Help" principle which had worked such wonders in Germany should be applied in their own countries. Persian and Indian delegates asked for assistance in making the schemes known, and in applying them in their own more distant countries. The whole question of a loan bank for students was discussed and approved. In this, too, the lead has been taken by Germany, where such a bank now succours five thousand students. And the problem of the thousands of Russian refugee students scattered throughout the universities of Europe is still pressing. The printed report of the conference will, I believe, shortly be available.

Passing through Paris on my way home, I took the opportunity to stay a night in the hostel for Russian refugee students at 21 rue Lecourbe. This is a rambling old house to which have been added some very tumbledown huts. Conditions are similar to those which the ignorant mind associates with barracks. Beds are crowded into the rooms; the secretary has his bed in the office. Meals are served in a whitewashed cellar. In all some seventy students are thus housed, luxuriously, they will tell you, for their fellows live in garrets and lofts. They work by day and study by night. Their demeanour indicates prosperity, but to the observant eye it is clear that such prosperity is very superficial. As a friend who was with me remarked: "It would be all right if they went home in the vacs., but they don't; they stay here all the year." And all the year they have no privacy, no hot water, and very few books. One cannot but admire the tenacity of such men whose hope is that their country will some day need their help.

I am, etc.,

H. G. G. HERKLOTS

(Hon. Sec., Cambridge Union Society)

MEDICAL INSPECTION IN SCHOOLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In reading over the Statutory Rules and Orders which have recently been issued by the Board of Education dealing with the Medical Inspection and Treatment of children attending Government Schools, I was much struck by the possibility of misunderstanding its full scope by those reading it.

It seemed to me to infer that all parents must submit to such treatment for their children. But I should like to point out that the right to refuse to submit their children to such medical inspection and treatment is a Statutory one, and some parents would probably be glad to be reminded of this fact.

I am, etc.,

M. S.

EUROPE AND THE RIFFS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your issue of September 12, among the Editorial Notes is one speaking out boldly on behalf of the Riff. For over a year the Riff leader has been proclaiming to those who have interviewed him and

to those who are in correspondence with him his reasons for fighting and his desire for peace. They have been varied. Some such suggestion as yours would have been accepted long ago, if proposed and advanced in an open manner and by people whom he could trust.

The British public would be better informed if there were more editors like yourself who understand that "prestige" rests on justice and conciliation and not on force and brutality.

I am, etc.,

19 Cadogan Square, S.W.1 R. GORDON-CANNING

CANTERBURY OR ROME?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is amusing to see Mr. Alison Phillips posing as a serious historian. This gentleman is the author of a travesty of history entitled, 'The Revolution in Ireland'—really a political pamphlet and an attempted apologia for the ineffable Sir Hamar Greenwood, who placed documents in Dublin Castle at the disposal of Mr. Phillips. Many Englishmen do not realize the irreparable damage done to the British reputation in America and on the Continent by the Greenwood regime in Ireland. Mr. Phillips's attempted defence of that regime has destroyed his reputation as an historian.

I am, etc.,

P. D. SULLIVAN

(ex-Resident Magistrate in Ireland)

THE WRANGLING ERA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—This is an era of wrangling and it has given rise to all sorts and conditions of people making speeches and writing articles and letters to the Press which mean—nothing. It is a rare thing now for a statesman to say or write anything upon which two constructions cannot be equally well put—and that must be the object. It is a perfectly easy thing to do for anyone who has a fair command of language but it is a great waste of time and leads nowhere. Most political and industrial troubles could be avoided if men would say what they mean in the first instance but instead of doing that innumerable discussions take place as to what was meant.

I am, etc.,

Sudbourn Road, Brixton, S.W.2 A. E. BALE

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NEW FICTION

The Baker's Cart. By Gerald Bullett. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

The Sailor's Return. By David Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

WHEN the trouble with our writers of short stories is not incompetence, it is apt to be competence. The number of really bad short stories produced each year is vast beyond computation, and those who will may mourn the fact; but far more depressing is the thought of the very considerable number of short stories that could not possibly be called bad, that it is impossible not to admire in some degree for incidental merits or general level of workmanship, but that yet leave us quite unaware of having had any artistic experience in reading them. The writers of our worst may be lamentable bunglers; the writers of our best are too often deplorably professional. Now it is the distinction of Mr. Gerald Bullett that he has nothing of that slick professional method, none of the professional aplomb. Quite evidently, he very seldom chooses his subjects; they choose him, and we may suspect him of being occasionally rather unhappy that they have done so. Something seen, felt or dreamed goes on troubling him, demanding expression, and one fancies him now and then rather surprised that so seemingly slight a matter should have become so urgent. He gives it expression, and may be a little taken aback by the oddity or inconclusiveness of the result, but is too loyal to tamper with it. And so we have his stories, unequal in merit, but almost all possessing the value of sincere attempts to reproduce that which has stirred his imagination, quite regardless of the considerations which weigh with his more professional rivals, who have oh, such intelligent ideas about the methods by which short stories should be produced, and so little humility in dealing with their material.

With Mr. Bullett, as with how very few others, we are clear of that suggestion of the showman, the conjurer or the juggler which hangs at times about the work of many masters of the short story, even Maupassant having it rather often, while O. Henry has it habitually. Here is a writer who will scarcely ever deal with a subject which has not intimately touched him, but who, if in dealing with it he finds it incapable of being reduced to any of the accepted shapes of the short story, will be loyal to the subject rather than to the presumed requirements of the form. If anyone likes to say that some of Mr. Bullett's successes are not exactly short stories, let him. They are, at any rate, literature, and the squabble about labels is irrelevant.

It is very far from an accident or due to a sentimental preference that the three finest things in Mr. Bullett's latest collection should each present character, event and circumstance through the eyes of a child. Mr. Bullett has as much sophisticated cleverness as his literary neighbours, and a mature irony, but to do his very best work he needs a means which only the mind of a child can offer him. Consider how in these admirable instances of his art he uses it. 'The Baker's Cart,' the title story of the volume, introduces us to a family of three, the father always more or less in disgrace, the mother an inexorable artist in self-abnegation, and their little daughter, Harriet, who adores her mother but not her father. The father does things, when he does anything, in a carpenter's shed, and Harriet, for once venturing there, prevails on him to make her a toy baker's cart. The mother discovers the new toy, and taking Harriet as companion on her customary visit to certain orphans at a hospital, persuades her to give the toy to one of them. On the miserable walk home, she asks whether being an orphan means in the particular case that the boy has neither father nor mother.

"Yes, dear. No mother or father."

"Oh," cried Harriet, "I'm so glad he had my baker's cart. 'Cause I've still got Father, haven't I?"

Mother's face flamed, and paled as swiftly. She clenched her hands, and her eyes faltered as they strove to meet the innocent gaze of Harriet. She knew herself defeated.

Turn to the story called 'The Sunflowers,' and you see how the child Sheila's realization of tragedy through her aunt's decision to extirpate the sunflowers favoured by her uncle heightens the effect. Look at the quite beautifully done 'Mrs. Pusey's Chickens,' no more than an account of a child's visit with his mother and grandmother to an old woman's cottage where chickens are reared, and you feel once more that, given a child, Mr. Bullett can elicit the romance and pathos of human life from, well, from almost anything.

Deprived of that means of simplifying his material, since a child will not perceive every aspect of the adult life about it, and of letting the spirit of poetry enter most naturally into his work, Mr. Bullett is at once on a lower level. Even 'Simpson's Funeral,' a pitiless piece of observation, gets its value from the final exclamation of the woman who remembers the dead man's babyhood. Other stories show Mr. Bullett dealing, not very fortunately in this book, with the horrors he has handled to some purpose before, or telling a grim straightforward tale like that of the soldier who killed his wounded friend to put him out of pain. But this Mr. Bullett commands our attention only, whereas the other excites our enthusiasm. When we have forgotten Binnacle, whose survival was so queer but somehow fails to be so very gruesome an affair, and the dreadful automaton in 'The Dark House,' and Mr. Queer, we shall still carry in memory the baker's cart, and the sunflowers being destroyed in the garden of a house henceforth to be gloomy, and those chickens of Mrs. Pusey's, the little golden birds that "could never be bought or sold." These last are such things as the mind can brood upon indefinitely, finding and losing meaning after meaning. They are the creations of a poet.

What is Mr. Garnett aiming at? He began, as everyone knows, with a brilliant and delightful *tour de force*, 'Lady into Fox.' There the application to highly fantastic material of a method borrowed from Defoe produced effects which could hardly be praised too much. In his latest book the material is on the whole far removed from the fantastic. We begin, to be sure, with the unusual. An English sailor is returning from Africa, bringing with him his wife, who is a negro princess, and whom he has disguised as a young man, and their child, whom he has concealed in a basket. But in a very little while we are in the midst of events nearly commonplace. The sailor takes an inn in Dorsetshire. The villagers conceive a strong prejudice against his black wife. She is from time to time insulted. The business of the inn suffers. At length matters come to a head, and the sailor is killed in a fight with a hired bruiser. His wife manages to send their child back to Africa, but herself sinks to the position of drudge in the inn of which she had been mistress. To this material Mr. Garnett applies the old, delicately formal method, which he now uses perhaps even more ably than in his first great success. The result, considered simply as prose, is worthy of admiration; but a story cannot be merely a technical exercise, and except for some striking and artfully introduced detail we cannot see how the matter gains from the adoption of the method. We suspect some faintly ironical allegory, but Mr. Garnett, if he intended anything of the sort, has been too reserved. His intention remains obscure, and his story hardly a story.

We must beg him either to return to pure fantasy or, if he must choose more mundane themes, to make his satire more explicit. There is no one writing now who has less reason to fear becoming obvious in satire. Meanwhile our protest must not be taken to imply that we are lacking in gratitude for the privilege of reading a prose so happily mannered.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE late Mrs. Anderson, an enlightened enthusiast about Charles Lamb, intended to produce an edition of his correspondence which should include not only his letters but letters to him. There would have been very considerable gaps in it, for Lamb seldom kept the letters he received. But he did preserve letters from perhaps the best of his correspondents, Manning, and we may rejoice that he did so. For 'The Letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb' (Secker, 8s. 6d. net) is a delightful volume. The briefest scrutiny of it supplies an explanation of the fact that Lamb never wrote more happily or extravagantly than when he was addressing Manning and conveying fantastic news to him in China.

Mr. Upton Sinclair has put some very queer stuff between the covers of 'Mammon Art' (Sinclair, Pasadena, U.S.A.). It is, we gather, a study of the artist in relation to the propertied classes. The patient reader will doubtless discover an argument for socialized art running through its oddly headed chapters. For ourselves, on a first view, we are prostrated after learning that "some day mankind will adopt a universal language, and forget all the enamels and cameos in the old useless tongues." After that, it becomes a duty, and it is always a pleasure, to take Gautier from the shelf.

In 'Browning and Calverley' (John Castle) Mr. P. L. Babington has done a curious piece of literary research. Side by side he has printed 'The Cock and the Bull,' and the passages or phrases from 'The Ring and the Book' mimicked by the parodist. He has no difficulty in showing that Calverley must have been familiar with every book of Browning's masterpiece. This is interesting; but is the conclusion so novel? Was not parody defined by Dr. Johnson as a form of literary composition in which admiration mingled with laughter?

In 'Types and Characters' (Hutchinson, 18s. net) Mr. Walter Sichel has endeavoured to sketch a great variety of contemporary, and especially of ultra-progressive, figures. A first glance reveals some amusing as well as some shrewd criticism. But it also suggests that Mr. Sichel has wasted a considerable amount of powder and shot on things barely worth shooting.

'Marriage à la Mode' (John Castle, 15s. net) is a collection of strange but true stories of matrimonial entanglement, with the case of the famous Countess of Stair as perhaps its chief attraction to those who like to read of these things. The author, Mr. Arthur S. May, has occupied the slightly mysterious position of Surrogate in Doctors' Commons, and in regard to the legal aspects of marriage he knows about it all.

'Cadet to Commodore' (Cassell, 10s. 6d. net) is the autobiography of Captain A. B. Armitage, who is known to thousands of passengers by the P. and O. line, of which he was eventually commodore, but who also has a distinguished record as an arctic explorer. It seems to be just such a pleasant narrative of adventures, taken as all in the day's work, as one would expect from the writer.

Mr. S. R. Lysaght is that very rare being, an author who writes too little. How many years is it since Stevenson confessed to an interest in his literary personality? How much have we had from him since? Some work of his may have escaped us in the deluge of contemporary publications, but the last book we can call to mind was a slim volume of wistful verse, never, it is true, attaining to any extraordinary excellence, but everywhere informed with thought and feeling, everywhere quietly distinguished. That appeared, if we remember rightly, about a decade ago. Now we have from him 'My Tower in Desmond' (Macmillan), which must not yet be reviewed, since it is not yet technically published.

REVIEWS

THE DRAMATIST DRAMATIZED*

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

(The rise of the curtain discloses the Dramatist's study. The book-shelves and table are crowded with biographical works. The floor is littered with magnificent adjectives and abstract nouns. A number of personages, Imagination, Humour, Style, Sense of Character and others are being shown out by the Dramatist.)

Dram. (holding open the door): I am sorry, gentlemen, but I shall not need your services.

Sense of Character (making a last appeal): You cannot possibly do without me. Together we could make something of these chronicle plays. The idea appeals to me. But without my assistance, where is your Lincoln, your Cromwell, your Queen Mary? These are tough subjects, but together we might make something of them. Alone you can do nothing.

Dram.: I see you know even less about the Theatre than I thought you did. I can manage very well, thank you. What with the biographers on one side, and the actors on the other, I can do very well. Give me a few of Lincoln's remarks, and a tall actor with a deep voice, wearing a stove-pipe hat and a chin-beard, and I can produce a Lincoln without any assistance from you. Or a Cromwell. Or a Mary Queen of Scots. To say nothing of a Robert E. Lee.

Sense of Character (bitterly): To say nothing indeed. But I should have thought it necessary to give people something for their money.

Dram. (coldly): You overlook the quotations and the false beards. But, in any case, I have another collaborator already and am expecting her any moment. Good-day to you.

(Sense of Character follows after the others. The Dramatist, now alone, takes up a decanter of Noble Sentiments and pours a little into the tumbler, filling it up from a syphon of Vague Verbiage. He drains the tumbler and begins to write with great speed. The door is flung open and in rushes Trix o' the Trade, her arms full of telling situations. No sooner is she through the door than there can be heard the noise of gun-fire, Shakespearean quotations, singing, applause. Red and green lights flicker across the stage.)

Dram. (starting up): At last. Now we can get to work.

Trix: Have you done anything yet?

Dram.: I've only sorted out the abstract nouns and read a few biographies so far. I've been worried by a number of fellows wanting jobs. What have you brought?

Trix: Enough to finish off the Lincoln. Here you are. Here's Lincoln looking at a map and then praying. Here's Lincoln looking at a map and not praying. Then there's Lincoln listening to a Shakespearean quotation, the one about such stuff as dreams are made on, you know. Always a safe card, that. Then I've a bereaved mother and a condemned soldier. And I've worked in that little speech about his belonging to the ages.

Dram.: Splendid, splendid. And what about Douglass, the negro?

Trix: Yes, he's safe. It's a pity that we couldn't work in John Brown. I thought once of bringing in his ghost, but thought better of it. We can do more with the song about his body. It's a good tune that everybody knows, so I've brought it in about half-a-dozen times.

Dram.: Excellent. I'm sorry about the ghost, but we might manage a few ghosts in Queen Mary to help the action a little. Now what about atmosphere for Oliver Cromwell?

*Collected Plays. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2 vols. 17s. net.

Trix: I've got it in the first scene. Old Mrs. Cromwell, Oliver's mother, you know, is discovered reading poetry. That gives us an opportunity for quotations. Then she can talk of Mr. Herrick and Mr. Donne. Nothing like that "Mister" for rolling the centuries away.

Dram. (wistfully): Couldn't she mention Mr. Shakespeare?

Trix: The very thing. She could say that Mr. Shakespeare is best of all. And for the rest of the scene I've got a sermon, a hymn in chorus, a game of bowls, and a song to bring the curtain down.

Dram.: Then that's going well. Perhaps I had better put in a little dialogue here and there. By the way, I think I mentioned that there seems enough of this American Civil War material left over to make another play. Robert E. Lee, you know. But I shall want a good deal from you, one way and another, as there is not too much material, and Lee himself, though a fine fellow and a sound strategist, is dullish.

Trix: You're all right for noble sentiments, vision and all that, I suppose?

Dram.: Yes, but there's no verse, you know, and it doesn't go far in prose. I'm fairly well off too for human touches, giving apples away and that kind of thing. What we want, though, is more local colour, and odds and ends to eke out the action.

Trix (muses): That shouldn't be difficult. Let me see. The South. We ought to have a banjo or two. And 'Dixie.' Then there are the battles. And a few wounded men. Leave that to me.

Dram. (dubiously and not merely out of politeness): I seem to be leaving a good deal to you. There was a time when—but there, you've been an invaluable help.

Trix: Of course I have. You'll live to bless the day you found me behind the scenes and invited me along to give you a hand. Where would you have been without me?

(They smile at one another, though there is still a touch of wonder, even the faintest hint of resentment, on the face of the Dramatist. The curtain, as it comes slowly rustling down, seems to echo that last query, but before it has finally descended there burst out the applause of the theatre audiences of two continents and the noise of innumerable editions exhausting themselves.)

HENRY FRANCIS CARY

The Translator of Dante: The Life, Work and Friendships of Henry Francis Cary. By R. W. King. Secker. 21s. net.

CARY, who was a great deal else besides the translator of Dante, undoubtedly deserved a biography, but it should, it seems, have been written by John Clare.

His eyes are not long on a face. He looks you into a sort of expectation of discoursing and starts your tongue on tip-toe to be ready in answering what he may have to start on, when suddenly he turns from you to throw the same good-natured cheat of a look on others.

Thus Clare. It is the only vivid portrait we have of Cary, and only to Clare does the peculiar problem of Cary, of the man who had quite evidently much to communicate but never got beyond that promise of confidences, seem to have been really present. Mr. King, who has all the secondary virtues, and has shown great industry in collecting biographical and bibliographical detail, never gets Cary alive, and seems not so much baffled by the problem as unaware of it. The facts of Cary's blameless and quietly distinguished career are all here, and we should be grateful for them, but Cary himself remains unelucidated. A reader but slightly acquainted with the bulk of the translator's work, and it may be doubted whether there are twenty people who know much of it beyond the Dante, might even be left with the impression that the man, so amiable, scholarly and modest, had little character. But many things

contradict that impression. There was resolution in one who, at that period, could devote seventeen years to such a task as the Dante; there was great independence in a critic who, before anyone in France itself, and more than thirty years before anyone else in England, could set himself to the exposition and translation of the early French poets; and it was a man with a rare heart and a keen sense of character in others who wrote in the copy of Sidney he had lent to Lamb and received back after Lamb's death:

So should it be, my gentle friend,
Thy leaf last closed at Sidney's end;
Thou too, like Sidney, wouldst have given
The water, thirsting and near heaven;
Nay, were it wine, filled to the brim,
Thou hadst looked hard, but given like him.

Mr. King, we suspect, was impelled to the production of his book less by a sympathetic curiosity about Cary than by desire to fill a gap in literary history. However that may be, he does better with the circle in which Cary moved than with Cary himself, and though there is a foolish insolence in his fling at Hood, his appreciations of members of that group are usually sound. He has some useful remarks on Cary's development of a style in which to render Dante, but might have added to them some pages, for the question really merits attention, on the effect of Cary's Dante on the "Miltonic" verse of Keats. Only an ampler investigation than the present reviewer has been able to make could justify dogmatism, but there is at least a *prima facie* case for supposing that in the revised 'Hyperion' Keats was often deliberately following not Milton but the modified Miltonic verse devised by Cary for the Dante.

OLD CREEDS AND NEW CRAZES

The Gospel and the Modern Mind. By W. R. Matthews. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

IN this volume the Dean of King's College publishes a course of sermons preached by him in New York in 1924. They certainly deserved a wider public; and the book will, we believe, help many people who are groping after a faith by which to live amid the perplexities of our time. Accepting frankly the enormous difference between the outlook of the modern world and that into which Christianity first came, Dr. Matthews makes the point that "modern thought" is always tending to contradict itself. "It is modern thought itself which has taught us to take no age, and the mind of no age, as final." Behind the passing generations lie the Eternal Mind, or the permanent hunger of the human heart. And "the Gospel is founded not on spiritual fashion, but in Spirit itself." What the Gospel is, in its essence, is "the filial consciousness of Jesus"—the certainty revealed in His life that the Power behind the Universe is "Father," available and near to the human heart as a cleansing or renewing Spirit. The Gospel created Christian institutions; and though they have at times obscured and perverted it, the New Testament writers truly interpret the claims and the outlook of their Master. Jesus, not Paul, was the Founder of Christianity.

The problem of our age is psychological: is not the idea of God a "projection without any true relation to reality"? A projection, certainly, says Dr. Matthews, but not *only* a projection. The source of the conflict in ourselves which we seem to harmonize by this machinery is, after all, the Universe itself, which has awakened in us both the instinctive impulses and the nostalgia for the eternal. "It satisfies the one and it can satisfy the other." And in fact the "Uniformity of Nature" is a precisely similar "projection," which we accept as true because it "works." The same claim can be made for the idea of God. The writer then deals with the implications of the demand for a "personal" God and rebuts the charge of anthropomorphism, and shows that the Christian doctrine of the

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Trinity is in tune with all that we know historically of religious experience and development. As regards the dogma of Incarnation—which the scientific mind finds hard to accept—he shows well, from the analogy of art, that finality in value has nothing to do with finality in time.

The most important chapter, perhaps, is the last, which discusses the permanent validity of the Christian ethic or scale of values. Jesus gives an attitude of mind without which none of the values of Truth and Beauty can be ever fully realized. For Buddha, for Plato and Mr. Bernard Shaw, "love fails in the end." When Paul said "Love never faileth," he meant that love is the key to Reality.

Not all will agree with this book, which is frankly modernist. But it is stimulating and constructive and deserves, we think, a warmer welcome than it has received from reviewers. But as it takes only two hours to read through, and is printed on rather unpleasant paper, the publishers are hardly justified in demanding seven-and-sixpence for it.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

The Love-Letters of Mary Hays. Edited by A. F. Wedd. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

JANE AUSTEN, as a child and later, amused herself and us by taking sentimentality as a matter for burlesque and genteel comedy. But perhaps it is not sufficiently remembered that the comedy was actual portraiture. The age was still that of Sterne and Rousseau. The malady of romantic sensibility was endemic, and walked the streets. Mary Hays is precisely such another as Marianne Dashwood. Her love-story, indeed, is simple enough. In quiet Southwark she and John Eccles, the one without means and the other without a profession, are parted by an obdurate father. Wholly dedicating themselves to the refined emotions of love in the months of 1789-90, they correspond, and have their secret meetings. Fortune at last favours. "My Eccles," and Mary, promoted to Maria, are to marry; but the beloved dies, and Mary is inconsolable. These are quite ordinary people, suffering the human lot. But they have imbibed literature. They know their 'Man of Feeling' and the 'New Héloïse' all too well. Theirs is that "pure ingenuous elegance of soul" that Thomson desiderates. They express themselves with the propriety cherished by Thaddeus of Warsaw and Miss Beaufort. Mary can occasionally be arch and playful, but only to provoke the fuller flow of sententiousness and sentiment. At times "my Eccles" could almost deviate into common sense, did he not remember that he must be eloquent. Continually they are raised above a vulgar world, and their exquisite sensibility is chronic. Rather would they die than infringe delicacy and decorum. Their letters should not be missed by those who are indulgent of lovers and their sweet nothings, and by those who are curious in the study of literary fashions.

Upon the loss of her lover, Mary Hays was self-sworn to fidelity and "dismal robes." But time, her persistent romantic feeling, and the need to augment her income, would have it otherwise. As we learn from the introduction of the editor, her great-great niece, and from the handful of interesting letters given as an epilogue, she commences author. She appoints herself the disciple of Mary Wollstonecraft, the pioneer of emancipation, and of William Godwin, the high priest of reason, who characteristically snub and accept her. These advanced rationalists and romantics—Shelley, when not the transcendent poet, is Godwin reduced to the absurd—were only to be outdone in vagaries by the contemporary Germans, and left small originality for their unconscious disciples of to-day. And here among them was Mary Hays, indefeasibly sentimental and pensive and proper. She showers refined and

frantic letters on a recalcitrant wooer; pillories him in a novel; breaks in upon his privacy and—invites him to tea. By this novel and still another she earns notoriety; is counted "philosophess and Godwinian." She protests that her novels are intended, not as ensamples, but as warnings. She substitutes Southey for Godwin as adviser, and does hack-work. Dying at the age of eighty-three and now forgotten, she trusted that "singular and whimsical," and an object of pity, she still afforded something in herself to imitate. Haply these letters of her youth and pleasing pain may constitute the "lasting monument" she craved.

THE NEW ATLANTIS

Atlantis in America. By Lewis Spence. Benn. 10s. 6d. net.

THAT America in the west and Europe and Africa in the east inherited what appear as common traits in their respective ancient civilizations from one and the same source, and that that source was a now submerged continent in the Atlantic Ocean, is a thesis which, in one form or another, whether of fancy, fable or a shadowy science, has been constant in the minds of speculators. Mr. Spence attacks the problem from a new point of view, and seeks to found a reasoned scientific conclusion on data which underlie the inspirations of myth. How far he succeeds in his object, to what degree his theory is indebted to science or to fancy, may perhaps be doubtful. At any rate, his work is readable and to a large extent instructive.

Mr. Spence contends for the existence in miocene times of a great Atlantic continent occupying the major part of the present Atlantic Ocean. As the result of various cataclysms it disintegrated, about 25,000 years ago, into two masses, which he names Atlantis and Antillia—the former near to the entrance to the Mediterranean and the latter in the region of the West Indies. The twin continents enjoyed a rudimentary form of intercourse through the medium of various chains of islands, until, about 10,000 B.C., Atlantis disappeared in a final seismic disturbance. The fragments of Antillia still survive in the West Indian islands, though they are threatened with comparatively early extinction.

For the author's science let the experts speak. Even though he may be chary of complete assent, at any rate the ordinary reader will follow Mr. Spence's arguments with considerable delight—and nowhere more delightedly than in his lucubrations among legends, fables and travellers' tales. Whether the fanciful speculations of Plato's 'Timæus' are to be regarded as fair material for science may perhaps be doubted, and, by way of comment, it may be observed that Mr. Spence himself is unduly fanciful when he derives the name of Antillia from an Arabic word for "dragon." (If an Arabian origin is necessary it may be sufficient to remember that "Al-Tin" is simply the Arabic for "land.") But the problem exists. The resemblances between the ancient civilizations of the two hemispheres is undoubted. And until science has more data at its disposal, Mr. Spence's mode of reaching a solution is as good as any and more entertaining than most.

The *New Chambers's Encyclopædia* (Illustrated) brings this well-known and well-tried work of reference completely up to date. It has not been added to so much as re-written, so that it is now probably the most convenient work of its kind obtainable. Out-of-date information has been removed from the new edition and new matter substituted; the indexing is simple and efficient; the type clear; and the illustrations useful and ample. The list of contributors comprises more than one thousand names.

No. 2.

COAL and the TAXPAYER

The whole problem of the coal industry can be summed up in the word **Output**.

Why can the U.S.A. produce coal at far less than the cost of ours and pay wages twice as high?

The answer is **Output**.

The output of the American mine worker goes on increasing from year to year, while the output of our workers steadily drops.

Although millions of pounds have been spent by us on better machines and improved equipment, the following figures tell their own story:

British Output per person employed,		TONS PER ANNUM
In 1883	- - -	332
„ 1903 (with better appliances)	-	275
„ 1913 (with still better appliances)	-	260
„ 1924 (with still more improved appliances)	-	220

The above figures are taken from the evidence before the Sankey Commission and the statements of the Secretary for Mines.

Why this steady Fall?

Because Governments are continually cutting down the time during which wages can be earned.

Because the mine workers are continually told that they are engaged in a class-war against capitalism.

We must stop prosecuting grown men who want to earn more money by working more than seven hours a day.

We must get rid of the idea that the object of a Trade Union should be "the complete abolition of capitalism" (Rule 3 of South Wales Miners' Federation).

The colliery owners want to see high wages, but high wages cannot come out of low output.

High output means low costs.
Low costs mean more business.
More business means better wages.

Face the Facts

Issued on behalf of the Colliery Owners of Great Britain by Philip Gee, 40 King Street, London, W.C.2, from whom further information about the Coal Mining Industry can be obtained.

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

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Below are given a few figures which illustrate, perhaps better than anything else, the magnitude and extent of the work of the National Institute for the Blind.

Number of Braille books, periodicals, music, etc., published ...	2,221,072	since 1915
Number of Moon books, periodicals, etc., published ...	229,158	„ 1915
Amount paid in Salaries and Wages to blind Employees ...	£233,693	„ 1921
Amount of Financial Assignments and Allocations to Local Institutions for the Blind ...	£269,141	„ 1915
Amount distributed by the Greater London Fund to Metropolitan Institutions for the Blind ...	£46,100	„ 1921
Number of After-Care cases dealt with ...	9,012	„ 1916
Amount paid in Relief to Blind Poor, etc. ...	£129,969	„ 1915
Number of Visits paid by Home Teachers to the Blind in their own homes ...	370,142	„ 1919
Amount paid in Training Fees ...	£25,471	„ 1918
Amount expended on Care and Training of Blind Babies (not including Capital Expenditure)	£23,356	„ 1917

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'Saturday Review'

Competitions

SEPT. 19, 1925

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list below.

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odham's Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 185.

A FAMOUS HORSE, A FAMOUS SWORD.

1. Would rob a miser of his hoard.
2. In doctrine and opinions sound.
3. "A certain cure" it may be found.
4. Attacked me while in bed I lay.
5. Active by night, but not by day.
6. Curtail a block to blows inured.
7. Insensible, from cold endured.
8. Ready ere nuptial knot is tied.
9. This I affirm: it's not inside.

Solution of Acrostic No. 183.

B oomeran G	
U nwatchfu L	
C obr A	
E pho D ¹	¹ Exod. xxxix 6, 7, 14, 21.
P er I ²	² See <i>Lalla Rookh</i> , "Paradise and the Peri."
H erbivor A ³	³ "Grass" in its widest sense.
A stonishmen T	
L eisir E	
U r Us	
S edge-warble R	

ACROSTIC No. 183.—The winner is the Hon. R. Talbot, 32 St. George's Road, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, who has selected as his prize 'A Grammar of Politics,' by Harold J. Laski, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on September 5. Eight other competitors chose this book, 19 named 'Rachel Marr,' 13 'From President to Prison,' 11 'Silhouettes,' 8 'The Circe of the Deserts,' etc.

Also correct:—C. J. Warden, Iago, Joan Smith, G. W. Miller, East Sheen, St. Ives, C. A. S., Stucco, Sidney, Buster, Glamis, Oakapple, Twyford, Owl, Carlton, Zero, Balitho, Barberry, Miss Kelly, Martha, Zoozoo, Ceyx, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Gladys P. Lamont, J. Chambers, and H. M. Vaughan.

One Light wrong:—R. H. Boothroyd, Gay, John Lennie, R. J. M. W., Beechworth, Igidie, Lady Mottram, Boskerris, N. O. Sellam, Vera Hope, Reginald Eccles, D. L., Mrs. A. Lole, Jorum, Melville, Sir Reginald Egerton, Miss L. Maxwell, The Pelhams, Gunton, Mrs. J. Butler, Still Waters, R. Ransom, Ruth Bevan, F. M. Petty, A. M. W. Maxwell, Hanworth, Plumbago, M. I. R., M. B., Pussy, Farsdon, F. D. Leeper, Trike, Tyro, Maud Crowther, Phyllis Gosset, Miss Joan Fearis, R. F. Patterson, Sisyphus, A. de V. Blathwayt, and Arpem.

Two Lights wrong:—G. M. Fowler, Doric, M. A. S. McFarlane, Madge, Baldersby, Lt.-Col. Sir Wolseley Haig, Jeff, Lilian, C. H. Burton, Rho Kappa, Zyk, and Bolo.

For Light 2 Unwakeful, Unpunctual, and Unvocal are accepted.

ACROSTIC No. 182.—Two Lights wrong:—Still Waters.

MARTHA.—My view is that a lexicographer defines words, not persons.

EAST SHEEN.—Alternatives may not be given, but if the word selected is considered as good as the composer's word it is accepted.

A book not exceeding two guineas in value is offered each quarter to the solver correctly answering the greatest number of Lights.

MOTORING

INTERNATIONAL MERGERS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

SOME years ago we prophesied that the day would arrive when, in place of a couple of hundred small makers of motor vehicles in each of the various countries producing cars, there would be a merging of interests which would reduce the competitors to a reasonable number with a probability of profits in place of heavy losses. That was in the days of financial depression in the motor industry, and the prophecy would appear to be now in process of fulfilment. Last year Mr. Morris bought a French motor factory in order that Morris cars should be made and sold in France and on the Continent. Mr. Henry Ford already has factories in England and other European countries, as well as in the U.S.A. and Canada. About three years ago Mr. John N. Willys amalgamated his interests with Sir Kenneth Crossley and Sir William Letts in order to internationalize the Overland motor cars by producing them in Manchester as well as in Detroit. No doubt other international mergers will have to be recorded in the future; it has become an axiom in the industry that large outputs are necessary for profit making, and small concerns cannot face the competition of cut prices. The result will be that a few large organizations will be created with factories in motor-using countries to supply the public with the cars they need at low prices, leaving the luxury class of motorists to be provided for by a few smaller firms.

* * *

To-day the Ford car and the Overland-Crossley car are regarded as British productions, and rightly so. In time the Morris will be French in France, if British in England. This system of international construction to avoid import duties, carriage and transportation overseas is no new idea in the manufacturing of goods that have a world-wide demand. In the past, however, the motor industry would have been deemed too small to consider such a project. At the present time there are about nineteen million motor vehicles in use all over the world. In ten years it is expected that this total will be raised to fifty million passenger and goods cars running on the roads and open tracks in Europe, Asia and America. That is presuming that motor transport develops at the same rate as it has done in the past. If our Government thoroughly realized what such a prospect means in the economics of British industry it would concentrate the best brains of the country on the problems of assisting and encouraging our manufacturers to obtain in the future their fair share of the business.

* * *

One is almost obliged to quote American statistics in referring to the motor industry, because their figures are colossal. No less than four hundred million pounds sterling is employed in the U.S.A. to finance motor sales. Seventy-five per cent. of the cars produced are sold on deferred payments. Half of this huge sum of money is required by the dealers in their sales to the public; the other half is accommodation for the manufacturers in the distribution of their cars. In the United Kingdom the business has not reached anything like these dimensions, as, apart from a smaller aggregate of sales, the bulk of the wholesale business is still on a cash basis. British trade is right to adhere to the cash business, but there is no gainsaying that the dealers and retailers are increasing their sales on the deferred payment or credit system in greater proportion to their cash sales, which fact is largely responsible for the general increase of cars on the road.

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THERE is no alteration in the design of Sunbeam models for the coming season, and we are now in a position to deliver, without unnecessary delay, cars and chassis of the same type and design as the models exhibited on our Stand at Olympia. We are introducing a new model in the 30/90 h.p. Sunbeam, an eight-cylinder car with cylinders in line. One of these models, with Enclosed Limousine Body, will be on view.

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All Sunbeam Models are fitted with Four-Wheel Brakes.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

I HAVE in the past devoted considerable space to Nitrate and Nitrate shares. I think I can claim that a few months back I was almost the only champion of this industry. We were asked to believe that the synthetic article was being manufactured in such quantities that Chile would probably be unable to sell a "quintal" of the genuine product. During the last few weeks sentiment has certainly changed, and the Jeremiahs have forgotten their gloomy forebodings. This change has been caused by the statistics issued by the Chilian Nitrate Committee for eight months ending August, 1925, which show that while production has increased by 400,000 quintals exports have increased during the same period by over five times this quantity, and visible supplies are reduced to about one-third of the previous total. These statistics should settle the "Synthetic Scare" once and for all. Unfortunately, however, holders of Nitrate shares have suffered the discomfort of seeing their share prices crumble away to an alarming extent: one can only hope they will now recover equally quickly.

LAUTARO

A heavy sufferer in this respect has been Lautaro, the shares of this well-known Company having fallen from nearly £9 to under £6; they are now 6½. I learn that of late Paris has sold some 40,000 shares on the London Market; if my information is correct and this selling has ceased we should see a sharp rise in Lautaros, as the buying this side has been good. In the long run the yield on a share is the main factor. Lautaro paid 15s. a share in dividends last year, which at £7 10s. shows a yield of 10%. I am hoping that in the near future the Company will be able to increase their dividend to 20s. a share. As in the past, I recommend Lautaro shares.

NITRATE RAILWAYS

While on the subject of Nitrates I would draw attention to the £10 ordinary shares of the Nitrate Railway Company. This Company, as its name denotes, is mainly employed on the Nitrate Industry, and in view of the prosperity now being enjoyed the railway must be benefiting to a great extent. Last year the ordinary shares received an interim dividend of 4% and a final dividend of 6%. At the present price of £11 I consider them attractive.

MANGANESE

On September 13 last year I recommended a purchase of Central Provinces Manganese at £6 6s. 3d. Since then shareholders have received two shares free for every three held. An investment therefore of £18 18s. 9d. would have left the investor with five shares. This week these shares have touched £7. Despite the exceptional profit of nearly 100% I still do not consider these shares should be sold, as I think they will go considerably higher in the next twelve months.

UNION CORPORATION

Considerable interest has been caused by the news that the Union Corporation, after lengthy negotiations with a Dutch group, have completed arrangements for the establishment of big artificial silk works

in this country. It is understood that a Company is to be registered with a capital of £1,000,000 in shares and debentures. No public issue will be made, as the necessary working capital, £850,000, has been subscribed privately. This news has drawn attention to Union Corporation shares, which are now 48s. 3d. Dividends last year amounted to 4s. 6d. I should not be surprised to see 5s. distributed this year.

The strength of the Company lies very largely in its management; its personnel includes both financial and technical advisers in the very front rank. Its assets include large shareholders in the San Francisco Mines of Mexico and Geduld, both of which are doing well. I consider Union Corporation shares an excellent lock-up at the present price.

WEST AFRICAN MAHOGANY

I have in the past referred to West African Mahogany shares. The manager of the Company is at present in London, and I have had an opportunity of talking to him about the prospects of the Company. He informs me that the quantity of mahogany is unlimited, and that ample transport facilities exist, as the new Government Railway traverses the property. The logs cut from the Company's concession are in great demand, both in this country and in America; the mahogany is the finest shipped from the coast. Shipments at the moment remain on the small side as the railway has but recently been completed, but these will gradually increase. The Government are doing all they can to foster this industry, and the Company are now receiving, and I am quite sure will in the future receive, all the assistance they require. In view of the fact that the Mahogany Company owns a vast concession and possesses other potentialities of a more speculative nature than shipping mahogany I cannot but think that these shares are an attractive lock-up for twelve months—a recommendation which I consider all the more justified in view of the fact that the Chairman is one of the greatest timber experts in this country. The present price is 7s. 3d.

TEA

I have received a copy of Denton's 'Tea Share Manual, 1925,' and find it as well drawn up as its predecessors. Those interested in tea and tea shares would be well advised to add it to their library. Mr. L. S. Stephens, the compiler, has included a very able review of the present position and prospects of the commodity, on which he is undoubtedly an authority. I look for a revival in the tea-share market in the near future, and think Jokai and Lebong among the most attractive.

AN ANOMALY

The Francois Cementation 1s. ordinary shares recommended here last April at 6s. 7½d. stand now at 10s. and are talked considerably higher. I would like to draw attention to the £1 8% preference shares of this Company. The Company is doing exceedingly well and has very important contracts in hand, among which are the repairing of St. Paul's Cathedral and the new Mersey tunnel. On account of this, the ordinary shares stand at 1,000% premium. Yet the preference shares stand at a discount, as they are purchasable at about 19s. This is surely an anomaly that will soon right itself. These are 8% preference shares, and I consider they should stand at 23s. I recommend them.

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SEPTEMBER, 1925

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

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